

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRIENDSHIP.

Addressed to my young friend Mr. William M. Goulding.

O tell me not—I'll never believe

What some have often sung,

That Friendship's meant but to deceive,

More tenderness of tongue.

I'll never believe that one like thee,

So generous and just,

Can practise acts of treachery

Beneath the garb of truth.

There is a trait in friendship's man,

Yet faithful, tho' but few;

'Tis dash, tho' open to our scan

And false, tho' seeming true;

It both a tongue that doth import,

Yes, bid sweet transports roll;

But 'tis the hydra of the heart,

The serpent of the soul.

That man who proves in fortune's day,

To needful man a friend,

And like a lover steals away,

When fortune's favor ends,

Ne'er felt the generous spark impart

The flame which is display'd—

Which burns within pure friendship's heart,

Thro' sunshine and thro' shade.

But thee, my youthful friend, I know,

I know thy heart sincere;

Thou canst not drop balm on human woe,

On sorrow's tomb a tear.

And well I know thy feelings blend

With thy affections warm;

Thou art to fellow man a friend,

In sunshine and in storm.

MILFORD BARD.

LINES.

Who spoke of the wine cup as a charm

To crush the source of sorrow;

Can the wine cup grieve the diurnal,

Or promise peace to-morrow?

Speak not of wine, it cannot heal

A heart with grief opprest;

The fumes of wine cannot conceal

The scorpion in the breast.

Speak not of wine, it may consume

Our misery for a minute;

But when our griefs rise from its fume,

An age of woe is in it.

If infant sorrow round thy heart

Should twirl like evil spirits;

Oh! shun the cause of every smart,

The cursed use of wine.

SEER.

ACROSTIC.

Best seat of my childhood, oh! beautiful spot,

Ever dear to my heart shall thy memory prove,

Long shall I cherish what can never be forgot,

Long shall I think on the scenes that I love.

Verne, Peace and Content may ever there

Dwell.

In the hearts of my friends, meet a welcome sincere—

Each day, oh! attend them, nor bid them farewell,

While their hearts kindly welcome and love you so dear.

GLORVINA.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Why do the last reasons fly?

No longer seen, no longer known;

Why is the range of earth and sky,

Like as a transient vision gone?

To time with unobscured way,

That sweeps these lovely scenes away.

Life, as a fine majestic oak,

Stretches its stately branches round;

Then bows beneath the fatal stroke,

And spreads its foliage on the ground;

Time, with a rude remorseless way,

Dries up our feeble life away.

I saw the blooming roses of God,

Sustained by earth, and reared by heaven;

I saw them spread their tents abroad,

And then from all their pleasures driven;

Relentless time with ruthless sway,

Did sweep those blooming sons away.

I saw the earth, a changing scene,

With hills and vales resplendent green;

With groves and fields of lovely dress,

And flocks and herds with plenty blest;

But time with wanton reckless way,

Did sweep those beautiful scenes away.

I saw the glittering rolling spheres,

Ranging the sky with cloudless light;

When in the eve of waning years,

They set in everlasting night;

'Twas time that bore such boundless way,

That swept those radiant orbs away.

A rough old time was passing by,

As hovering o'er this wreck of things;

And feeble were the attempts he made

To spread again his pendant wings;

Eternal ages claim'd the way,

And swept in timeless time away.

I saw those mighty ruins, all

Conspicuous now with dreadful threat;

I heard a voice impulsive call

And saw a new earth and heaven rise;

'Twas God, who bid his sceptre sway,

And introduced a new day.

I saw the illustrious dead assume

Immortal life in realms above;

I saw through ages yet to come,

Unfolding scenes of glory shed;

Where endless life obtains the way,

And time and death are done away.

I saw unnumber'd millions dwell

In glorious climes of boundless love;

Where angelic anthems sweetly swell,

Resounding through the courts above;

Where pure delights in full display,

Extend through everlasting day.

J. R.

THE FAMILY DINNER.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

"I wish you would come and dine with me some time in a friendly way," said, continually to me, a young man whom I used to meet at the coffee houses and the theatres, and who fastened himself upon me in every place, offering me civilities which I did not feel much inclined to accept. He was just such a personage as we see hundreds of every day; and therefore I will not describe him more particularly, lest my readers should fix upon some one of their acquaintance as the original of the portrait. "You must," said he, "come to my house, and be acquainted with my wife;—there are not ten like her in the whole world; and my children, too—though I say it who should say it—such children as mine are real blessings. I must show you how I live. I am the happiest master of a family alive, and a proper example for young men who don't like matrimony. Come and dine with me once. We shall treat you with ceremony, and give you only a family dinner;—but I will answer for it you will be pleased."

Although I am by no means averse to splendid tables, sumptuous viands, and numerous guests, yet there is nothing which I enjoy more than a quiet family dinner, particularly when invited by an old friend, for the purpose of having a little tranquil conversation. It is refreshing to the mind, to leave for a few hours the tumult of the great world, to be a transient partaker of the unostentatious pleasures of domestic intercourse—and in such circumstances, a glass of old French tastes better than the Bourdeaux, Sauterne, and Champagne at tables where I hear no conversation but that relative to the opera of yesterday, and see nothing but artificial faces, and still more artificial manners.

I met my above-mentioned friend in the street a few days ago. The moment he saw me he ran up to me, laid hold of my arm, and asked me where I was going. "To dinner," was my reply.—"Good!" good!" he replied he; "now I have caught you, I shall not let you go; you must take a family dinner with me. It was in vain that I pleaded a prior invitation as an excuse—my too hospitable friend would not admit of it, and I was obliged to follow. I consoled myself with thinking that perhaps, I might have better than I expected, and that my host might really have a pleasant wife, well-beloved children, and a good house."

We reached the house, which was in the suburbs, and ascended to the third story. As we went up stairs we were greeted by the noise of children, crying and fighting. "Ah!" said my conductor, laughing, "do you hear my little darlings? The poor sweet fellows are hungry, and have been waiting for me." Now, thought I, if the little darlings make as much noise during our dinner, I shall have to repent my weakness.

Knocking at a thin, silver-faced woman opened the door, and on seeing me started back, with marks of no very agreeable surprise. "My dear," said my host, "this is Mr. C***, my friend whom I have so often mentioned to you—he is going to take his chance with us to-day of a family dinner."

The lady's long visage became still longer at these words; she made me a curtsy, which resembled a contortion of anger, and drizzled out, "Happy to see you," in so gloomy a tone, that it sounded very much like "I wished you were hanged." Nothing can be more unpleasant than to feel ourselves unwelcome in houses whither we came against our inclinations. I wished myself ten miles off; but my new acquaintance said, "Now let us leave the mistress to make her preparations," and led me into an adjoining room, to show me his dwelling. "I have not many apartments," continued he, perfectly self-satisfied, "but every thing is neat and orderly." I was then obliged to stoop to get into a cabinet, which two little dirty brats seemed to have been turning topsy-turvy. The floor and furniture were covered with snips of paper, pictures, spoons, and toys of all kinds. "This is the only true happiness—to be a father!" said my host, while he cleared a chair for me to sit on. 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